



Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man.  
THE CURCULIO.

This little insect, but great destroyer of the plum and other fruits, if he has not already, will very soon begin his mischief, and unless prevented in some way, will take all your fruit in advance and leave you nothing but barren branches in the fall as a reward for all your labor. The war against him has for years been severe, and yet he has maintained his ground, and still keeps the cultivation of many plants among us—especially plums—a very precarious and uncertain business.

Among the remedies proposed, there are two which have hitherto been more successful than most of the others. The first of these is, jarring the trees. The curculio will, if surprised by a sudden jar or the like, instantly curl up his legs and fall as if dead, and thus he will remain for some time like an inanimate speck of dust. In order, therefore, to dislodge him from your trees, lay a sheet or other cloth under the tree, and with a mallet or hammer, covered with cloth to prevent bruising the bark, give sudden raps up the limb so as to jar it, when the little rascal, true to instinct, will curl up and fall upon the cloth, from which he may be taken and burnt to death in hot water.

A writer in the New York Observer gives the following receipt for a wash, which he says is a superior mode of preventing their ravages. The following are directions for preparing the wash:

Take one pound of white oil soap; add four ounces of sulphur; mix thoroughly and dissolve in twelve gallons of water. To one-half peck of quick-lime add four gallons of water and stir well together. When fully settled, pour off the transparent lime water and add it to the soap and sulphur mixture; add to the same, also, four gallons of tolerably strong tobacco water. Apply this mixture, when thus incorporated, to your plum or other trees with a garden syringe, so that the foliage will be well drenched. If no rains succeed for three weeks, one application will be sufficient; should frequent rains occur, the mixture should be again applied until the stone of the fruit becomes hardened, when the season of the curculio's ravages is past.

Wash oil soap is made in the oil bleachers and is a combination of soda, or potash, used in the process, with the dirtiest impurities of the oil. It is now found for sale at agricultural warehouses and at druggists. Messrs. Dorr & Craig keep it in this city, and Messrs. Kendall & Whitey of Portland, keep it, or can procure it for those who would find it more convenient to send there for it. It is valuable, when dissolved alone in water, as a wash for shrubbery in the garden that is infested with lice and insects. It is a little caustic, and should not be applied too strong. One pound to twelve or sixteen gallons of water, is about right.

**USE OF COLLODION IN THE GARDEN.**  
There is a species of varnish, made by dissolving gun cotton in ether, called Colloidion. It has hitherto been used in cases of minor surgery as a wash to form an artificial skin or cuticle on cuts and abrasions of the skin. An Englishman, Mr. E. J. Lowe, has adopted it for propagating cuttings of plants, and finds great benefit from it. We see a statement of his experiments in the London Farmer's Journal, in which he communicates to the Royal Society thereof.

This theory is, that if the end of a cutting be sealed so as to prevent the moisture of the soil from ascending the stem in injurious quantities, the cutting would be more likely to strike roots. He accordingly applied collo-dion as soon as the cutting was taken from the parent stock. This dries a few moments and the cuttings may then be placed in the pots or ground to strike roots in the usual manner.

He states that, in order to test the value of this new process he took duplicates of all the kinds operated upon, half of which were planted without the collo-dion being applied, and the other half with it. Out of 131 cuttings to which collo-dion was applied 86 took root, and out of 131 to which it was not applied only 42 took root. All of them were used alike as far as could be.

How would this application of collo-dion operate in the preservation of grafts out early, if applied at the cut? If there is any danger of the escape of moisture from the scion or from the cut surface, a varnish of this kind would prevent it. It would not cost much to try. It is kept for sale at the apothecaries and can be had cheap.

**COOKED AND UNCOOKED FOOD.**  
The following facts may be interesting to some of our readers, especially to our Union correspondent, "J.," who, in No. 21, enquires the cost of making pork. We have gleaned them in the course of our reading, partially from the New England Farmer, as communicated to it by one of its correspondents (E. Smith).

It is stated by Cassius M. Clay, who, whatever others may think of him, is an observing and energetic farmer, that he has found, by trial, that one bushel of dry corn would make five pounds and ten ounces of pork; one bushel of boiled corn would make fourteen pounds and ten ounces, and one bushel of boiled meal made, in one instance, sixteen pounds and seven ounces, and in another nearly eighteen pounds of pork. According to this, supporting pork to be worth eight cts. per pound, dry corn is worth forty-five cts.; boiled corn, \$1.15, and boiled meal \$1.34 to \$1.44 cts. per bushel.

Another Kentucky farmer, S. H. Clay, found, by experiment, that when raw corn was worth fifty-six cts. per bushel, pork made by it costs nine cts. per pound; that made by boiled corn costs four cts. per pound; that by boiled meal costs three cts. per pound.

H. L. Ellsworth, formerly commissioner of Patents, says that corn ground and cooked is 150 per cent better for fattening hogs and cattle than when used as commonly fed out at the west.

### KEEP IT OUT OF MAINE.

We received the following circular from the Secretary too late for our paper last week, or we should have then laid it before our readers for their consideration. We hope the suggestions it contains will be heeded. Eo.

To the People of Maine.  
In the neighboring State of Massachusetts a contagious, fatal and incurable distemper, known as Pleuro-Pneumonia, rages among the cattle.

Daily developments show that it has been extending with noiseless and unsuspected steps. One of the peculiarities of this disease is that it may have fatal hold upon an animal for months before its effects become apparent, except to critical professional examination.

There is reason to fear that in this unseason form it may now exist beyond its present supposed limits.

There is danger that in some unperceived manner this disease may be introduced among the cattle of this State.

It is scarcely possible to exaggerate the paralyzing effect of such introduction upon the Agriculture of Maine—an interest of greater magnitude than all the other pecuniary interests of the State combined—an occupation upon which not only is every person dependent for food, but which is itself dependent upon stock husbandry for success.

The only known security against such introduction is the non-importation of cattle from the direction where the disease prevails, and every consideration of duty and expediency dictates that no cattle be brought into the State upon any pretence, or for any purpose whatever, until certainty takes the place of doubt in regard to the source of this disease. Present supplies for the shambles or prospective improvement in breeds, may be too dearly purchased.

Let me urge every citizen of Maine, whether he be a producer or consumer, drover, vendor or carrier, to do all which lies in his power to preserve our present exemption from this pest; and I recommend not only that no cattle be brought in from abroad, but also, that for some months to come, there be no driving from place to place, or exchange, or circulation in any way, of those within our borders, which can be dispensed with.

S. L. GOODALE.

Sec'y of the Maine Board of Agriculture.

Saco, May, 1860.

In connection with this subject we copy the following from the Portland Advertiser of the 23d inst. It is almost too bad to believe:

"We learn that there are parties residing in our city, who now have an agent in Massachusetts purchasing cheap cattle for slaughter; and the reason assigned by the party for such an unusual proceeding as that of buying cattle in Massachusetts and sending them to Maine is, because they can be bought cheaper than in Maine. Our readers and dealers in beef can judge what description of cattle, at this time, are cheaper in Massachusetts than in Maine. We hope that all dealers in beef and cattle will refuse to buy any coming from Massachusetts at this time, for the person who, for the sake of making a few dollars more or less, on a cow or an ox, should introduce the cattle distemper into our State, would earn, as he would deserve, an immortality of disgrace that would be worse than the murrain to his name."

A KENNEBEC FARMER.

The editor of the Waterville Mail has recently paid a visit to the farm of Warren Percival, Esq., in Vassalboro, and thus records his observations in reference to the selection and management of his stock:

"Mr. Percival's stock consists of five horses, twenty-six neat cattle, some eighty to ninety sheep, and a choice variety of breeding ewes. His whole flock of sheep consists of two hundred and forty, about one hundred and fifty being kept elsewhere.

His horses belong not to the fancy department, but are raised with reference to the interests of the farm. They consist of a breeding mare, 11 years old, of good blood and an excellent worker; a well trained 4-year-old gelding; 2-year-olds, and a yearling. The practical farmer can readily see how well this department is adapted to the other branches—embracing extensive tillage and considerable road service—to which the farm is subject.

But his superior Durham and grade Durham stock is the attractive feature of Mr. Percival's establishment. Five full-blood and four grade Durham cows, though by no means the choicest part of this, we believe would compare favorably with any nine cows to be found on one farm in Maine.

Five of these have calves from one week to three months old, and four are yet to 'come in' by the celebrated 'Earl of Warwick.' A couple of 2-year-old and one yearling heifers, full-blood, and three grade Durhams, with calf, are also among the best stock of the farm. Five calves, all of choice blood, promise well for the future of one of the best, if not the best, Durham herds to be found in this section of Maine. We have not seen its equal.

Mr. Percival's flock of sheep consists of two hundred and forty, of which only some eighty of the best ewes are now on the farm and dropping their lambs. These average very large; and though not of a degree of fineness of fleece to meet our idea, the design of the owner is to improve them in this respect by crossing with finer bucks. A few years under his judicious management will make his flock a lesson for Kennebec farmers to study. He has some very good bucks, especially in size and shape, which, with a degree of fineness we believe to be attainable, would be nearly perfect animals. For their owner's object, and to carry out his views and plan of breeding, we know of no flock that can match this. If he would try the experiment on a limited scale, of crossing with a very fine Spanish or French buck, we believe he would be pleased with the result.

He changes his bucks every other year, and has no lamb from sheep under two years old. This year he proposes to keep all his male lambs for the breeding market; which will enable him to offer some very desirable animals to those who would improve their flocks.

He has some very fine breeding ewes, of grade Suffolk and Newbury white, which he thinks a desirable cross. In this class of farm stock he has bred largely and carefully for years, and with the advantages he has for keeping them employed in enriching his fields, he finds it highly profitable.

Even in poultry he keeps only the kinds that give him a reason for his preference; preferring the Bolton Game because they prefer laying to

### Farm House.



Perspective View.

We present our readers, this week, with the plan and elevation of a very neat and convenient farm house. It is copied from Tucker's Annual Register for 1860. The Register, in describing it, says: "We present this design with some confidence that it will be found to meet the wants of a large class of farmers and other dwellers in the country. It is neither large nor costly. It has neither a pretentious nor a foreign aspect. It seems as if it might have grown out of the soil itself, and modestly does it harmonize with the best features of any cultivated landscape. Yet it is roomy enough for quite a large family, and every room is arranged for home, family enjoyment, rather than for show or for company."

Any family which will adapt itself to the suggestions of refinement and intelligence indicated by the green-house, the bay window and its crowning balcony, the lattice-work porch and the simple terrace, need never want more exciting pleasures than those always at command beneath and around the old roof-tree.

The accommodation provided is an entrance hall, a parlor of fair proportions, with a bay window, a glass door through which the plants in the green-house may be seen, and an alcove, which is a small recess cut off the veranda, and only separated from the parlor by an arch, and, if preferred, a fall of drapery. On its left wall a case of books, or articles of curiosity or vertu, may be placed; through its farther wall a glass door leads upon a small private veranda, enclosed by a light balustrade; and at the right, a private door gives a 'favored few' access to the bed-room. The dining-room with its closet, the kitchen, the back stairs and the pantry, conclude the accommodation given on the first floor. Everything in the way of a scullery, dairy, wood-room, &c., can of course be added according to the necessities of each particular case. Four good chambers are supplied in the attic, each with a closet."

hatching, and black turkeys to white ones 'because they are raised with less difficulty.' With him improvement is a principle, as it should be with every farmer; and of course improvement is everywhere presented. After all we have seen and known of his experience as a practical farmer, we fully believe with him, that with a few extra dollars, a desire for improvement, and proper care in selections, any man may as well have good farm stock as poor, and secure to himself more profit and decidedly greater pleasure.

SEX OF POPLARS.

At one of the meetings of the Farmers' Club in this town last winter, when the subject of fences and the materials for their construction was introduced for conversation, the chairman, Mr. W. H. Taylor made some very useful and interesting statements concerning poplar for rails, and added a few remarks drawn from his own careful observation and study of nature about what he termed the "Sex of the Poplar." In the account of the meeting, your reporter did not give sufficient notice of the gentleman's observations, and I would be glad to see an article in the Farmer from Mr. Taylor, containing, as near as possible, his statements on the occasion above referred to.

My own observations upon the sex of trees, especially the poplar, have been very limited, but such as they are I will give them, hoping they will be of some interest to the readers of the Farmer.

All have, of course, noticed the fact that there are two varieties of the poplar. The essential difference between them seems to be in the leaves and wood of the tree. The black poplar (Populus balsamifera), has a dark green leaf, the bark is greyish white, and the grain of the wood is open and free. It splits very easily, forming excellent rails for fences. The silver or white poplar (P. alba), is, from the delicate white color of its leaves, sometimes called the silver-leaved poplar. It does not leave out until a week after the other variety; the bark is somewhat rough and the wood is hard and fine. It splits with considerable difficulty.

The black poplar is more common in our northern forests than the white. This year the first open leaf of the former was seen May 5th, of the latter May 14th. Poplar rails put into cedar stakes and bunks are a good material for fences. If cut in December and the bark taken off, and put into fences the spring following they will last fifteen years. From Mr. Taylor's remarks I inferred that he considered one kind of the poplar to last better than the other. Was it the black or white leaved.

Norridgewood, May, 1860.

A FARMER.

For the Maine Farmer.

SHARE'S COULTER HARROW.

MR. EDITOR:—I have one of Share's Patent Coulter Harrows, and a number of my friends in various parts of the State have written me asking my opinion of its practical operation. Some I have answered by letter, and by your consent I embrace this opportunity to answer them all, and would say that as for depth of till and thorough pulverization, with the same amount of power applied, I have never seen or known of any implement that would so completely effect the object. If the land is well ploughed, this harrow will incorporate with the soil, long or short manure, when spread upon the furrow, from five to seven inches. It will pass over fast stones without hitching, and loose ones, generally, without rolling them as is the case with the common harrow. It will, also, pass over roots and by large stumps without stopping them. My opinion is corroborated by all my neighbors who have used the harrow. Respectfully yours,

ROBERT MARTIN.

P. S. The harrow may be had of Greenleaf & Fisher, Bath, Me.

SQUASH BUGS.

A writer in the Country Gentleman recommends to take a quantity of poppy leaves, stocks, buds, &c., or any part of the poppy, and steep it in water either cold or hot; and if poppies are not to be had, take a small quantity of opium and dissolve it in water. This liquid, says the writer, applied with an exceedingly fine sprinkler to the vines once or perhaps twice, will cause the "vermin" to leave the plants never to return. Where they go to I do not know, neither do I care. It will not kill the bugs, for they know better than to take anything of an opiate nature. Try it, and it will be found that there is no "humbug" in it. The same liquid, applied with a squirt-gun to apple trees, effectually prevents the ravages of the apple tree worm. An ounce of opium would probably be sufficient for a large orchard.

A. S. HALL.

I advise farmers to try it without fail.

—N. E. Farmer.

### WAYSIDE NOTES OF TRAVEL—NO. 26.

DIXMONT, May 19th, 1860.

After one of the most unparalleled droughts remembered by the "oldest inhabitant" at this season of the year, I am deterred by a rain. This morning when I arose, the sky was overcast with clouds, betokening a storm, and ere noon they commenced weeping copiously upon the dry and thirsty earth. The genial and refreshing showers with which Waterville and vicinity were visited on Sunday last, and Bangor and vicinity on Wednesday, did not reach this town, and but yesterday, the farmers were mourning over a want of rain, committing the seed to the dry earth, and predicting a failure of crops. To-day "Dixmont hills" are clothed with green to their summits, the fields have put on their summer, or at least their spring attire, and all nature rejoices beneath the falling drops of the goodness of God.

In my journeyings among the farmers, it is sometimes amusing to witness the long faces, and sad countenances of a class of men, who are always fearing the dreadful future—who never plow, sow, or do anything else, "in hope;" who can tell about the good seasons, and the great crops they have had, but as the old lady at the funeral of her husband, who played the viol, exclaimed in dolorous tones, "Poor old man, he'll never fiddle any more," so these persons never expect to raise any more good crops.

Until to-day, no rain has fallen here this spring. Since the snow left, it has been an unvaried succession of pleasant days. And although it has been the very best spring that ever was known to plow and harrow, sow and plant, and an immense amount of seed has been committed to the ground all over Penobscot, yet yesterday, there were those who almost apprehended a famine, in consequence of the drought. I asked one of this class if he would have the Farmer? "No," said he, in despairing tones, "I want nothing but rain; but I see no prospect of having that very soon." "You are troubled with the blues," said I. "Oh no!" he replied, "but its no use to farm in this country; there is always something to knock everything in the head." It is a pity that this man, and all others like him, could not be knocked in the head with a little dose of hope and faith, and in the heart with that charity which thinketh no evil of either God or man.

Notwithstanding the drought, the grass looks wonderful well for the season of the year. A gentleman informed me some weeks ago, that there was quite as much grass in his pasture as there usually is in the middle of June. A great deal of grain which was sown two weeks since, is up and promises finely. The hot days and cool nights which we have had have compensated for the want of rain. The cool air of the night, has condensed the vapor of the atmosphere, causing copious dews, and also acted mechanically upon the surface, bringing up the moisture from below, thus causing vegetation to start, and now it is all ready for the tears of Heaven which are being shed upon it, to take up the work, and with alternate harvest, there can be no doubt of an abundant harvest.

Dixmont is one of the towns of Maine. Everybody has heard of the Dixmont hills, over which tired horses used to draw almost countless loads of passengers in stage coaches between Augusta and Bangor previous to the construction of the railroad. The town is one uninterrupted succession of hills and deep valleys between; the most of the land formerly very stony, and some of it wet. Here in these valleys, and upon these hillsides, industry and perseverance have been busy for more than thirty years, and made some of the best farms in Maine. The land is very productive, as all hill land usually is, crops of corn never failing, fruit of every kind raised in abundance, grass always a bountiful crop, and the pastures unrivaled. The buildings and improvements in every part of the town indicate wealth, taste, intelligence and thrift.

Over sixty copies of the Farmer are taken in this town, which accounts in part for its prosperity.

This is almost exclusively an agricultural town. There are no mills of any account, and but little business done except farming. There was never any amount of marketable lumber, thus proving that farming is a sure road to prosperity.

A hilly, rough, stony town, not unfrequently for many years after its settlement, presents an unsightly and forbidding appearance. Many portions are apt to be imperfectly cleared, other portions are covered with stones, and comparatively unproductive, old dilapidated forests crown the hillsides, and barren ledges the tops. But after a hilly country has been settled long enough to be under good cultivation, the scenery is lovely and delightful. Such is the case with Dixmont. The old forest is nearly all gone. There are no dead, standing trees, nor old logs lying about. A young and vigorous growth of deciduous trees occupies many of the hill tops, sides, and valleys. The sugar maple is everywhere in field, pasture, and road-side. Thrifty and beautiful orchards abound. Green fields and pastures stretch off in the distance, up the sides and often to the tops of the hills, dotted all over with cultivated spots; whilst the happy homes of the owners, and their families, are scattered all around in valley and upon hill, as far as the eye can reach. The charming scenery of such a town in spring, summer, and autumn, is a picture of nature going miles to see. Travelers in the "old stage coach," as they slowly wended their way over these hills were regaled with these beauties, which, alas! they will never see more, so long as they ride upon a rail.

SALT FOR STOCK.

Experience proves that when cattle or horses are fed on dry corn and hay, they will consume from two dry ounces of salt per day, if permitted free access to it; and if fed on new hay or grass the desire for salt is much increased, and the consumption amounts to from six to seven ounces a day. Little things are what keeps the ball rolling. Give the cattle the salt.

CHANGE OF DIET.

Horses continually fed on one kind of feed, without change, will founder, though not fed to excess. Many a good horse has been spoiled by being constantly fed on shorts. Their food should be changed often, or else have a constant variety.

### CLOVER AND ITS USES.

Clover is universally known as being excellent for all kinds of stock, but the farmers of New England are slow to avail themselves of its fertilizing qualities as a sure and economical means of improving their farms. It is hard to convince them that it is more profitable under any circumstances to turn under a good crop of it, than it is to cut it and make it into hay. In England, it is settled beyond controversy, that on light soils which have become exhausted by their vegetable elements, nothing will renovate them so quickly and cheaply as a bed of clover.

Clover seed was first introduced into England from Flanders, about the beginning of the sixteenth century, soon after the conclusion of the horrible civil wars occasioned by the rival claims of the houses of York and Lancaster. Its introduction and cultivation so improved the soil in a few years, that it was thought to have indemnified the nation, in point of property, for the ravages and wastes of the wars of the Roses.

To the honest, industrious Flemings belongs the honor of discovering the extraordinary fertilizing properties of this plant. They were the first to plow it in, and fully demonstrated its great utility in affording their growing crops a large amount of necessary food.

It was not generally cultivated in this country till the beginning of the present century, and therefore its introduction may be considered one of the improvements of modern agriculture.

There are two kinds, the white and red. The former is perennial and makes the best pasture. There is an advantage in pasturing white clover which does not strike every farmer. Each joint furnishes a fresh root (and of course a fresh plant), whenever such joint comes in close contact with the soil; consequently the more it is trodden the thicker it will spring up. Hence one reason why it grows most luxuriantly near the bars and gateways of our pastures where cattle often congregate.

The red clover is a biennial plant, whose roots begin to decay after they have produced seeds; but by having it fed down, or mowing it when it begins to flower, it causes the roots to send out new shoots, and the plant is preserved for a longer period than it would naturally exist. The plant is tap-rooted like the carrot, and when the seed is turned over, it assists, during the process of decay, in keeping the ground open so as to allow the rootlets of the growing crop an opportunity to select the appropriate food required for its proper development.

In the Middle States, a good clover hay or bed is deemed indispensable to obtaining a good crop of wheat. In some districts it has completely renovated the exhausted wheat soils. In 1790, Washington, in a letter to Arthur Young, computed the average crop of wheat in Pennsylvania, then one of the best wheat-growing States, at 15 bushels per acre. In many of the old river counties, the average crop has been doubled within thirty years, principally by the aid of clover.

There are extensive tracts of pine lands in New Hampshire and Massachusetts, called "Poverty Plains," which are almost worthless, but which might be renovated upon the clover basis.

I am fully persuaded that clover is of more value when plowed in than if made into hay, according to the process of many farmers. Its value for fodder depends entirely upon the time of cutting and method of curing. To render it superior fodder for all kinds of stock, it should be cut before the seeds are formed, that the full juice and nourishment of the crop may be retained in the hay. The crop will be lighter than if cut when fully ripe; but the loss will be amply compensated by a more valuable and nutritious article. Stems of clover become hard and splintery, when allowed to mature their seeds. Stock will indeed consume them and live, but it is only the hay from young herbage that will fatten them.

Low tells the truth when he says that "the secret of making good hay, is to prepare it as quickly as possible, and with as little exposure to the weather, and as little waste of the natural juices as circumstances will allow. When we are enabled to do this, the hay will be sweet, fragrant, and of a greenish color."

Clover is valuable for soiling. And here again the Flemings are entitled to honors. They were the first to practice successfully the keeping of animals in paved stables in summer, and supplying them with green herbage, of which clover was esteemed the best. Radcliff says that "with-out clover no man in Flanders would presume to call himself a farmer."—Boston Cultivator.

HAY-MAKING.

As the season for making hay is approaching, we will give a few words of caution in advance. Don't dry your hay too much. Hay may be dried till it is as worthless as straw. As a good coffee-maker would say, "don't burn your coffee, but brown it;" so we say, don't dry your hay, but cure it. Our good old mothers, who relied upon herb tea, instead of "pottery medicine," gathered their herbs when in blossom, and cured them in the shade. This is the philosophy of making good hay. Cut in the blossom, and cure in the shade. The sugar of the plant, when it is in bloom, is in the stalk ready to form the seeds. If the plant is cut earlier, the sugar is not there; if later, the sugar has become converted to woody matter.

Hay should be well wilted in the sun, but cured in the cock. Better to be a little too green, than too dry. If, on putting it into the barn, there is danger of "heating in the mow," put on some salt. Cattle will like it none the less.

Heat, light, and dry winds, will soon take the starch and sugar, which constitute the goodness of hay, out of it; and with the addition of a shower, render it almost worthless. Grass cured with the least exposure to the drying winds and searching sunshine, is more nutritious than if longer exposed, however good the weather may be. If ever cured, it contains more woody fibre, and less nutritive matter.

The true art of hay-making, then, consists in cutting the grass when the starch and sugar are most fully developed, and before they are converted into seed and woody fibre; and curing it up to the point when it will answer to put in the barn without heating, and no more.—Ohio Cultivator.

### THE STRAWBERRY.

Mr. R. G. Pardoe, of New York, in a lecture at Yale College, on the strawberry, says:

The following, to cultivate that fruit, is the best method: Select a warm, moist, but exposed situation; for early berries, let it slope to the east or south; for late ones to the north. The soil should be a fine gravelled loam. Avoid high, barren soils, and those which are wet. To prepare the soil, make it clean; underdrain, leaving the drain open at both ends, to allow the circulation of air. Pulverized at least two feet in depth, making ten per cent. of the soil as fine as superfine flour. For manure, apply thirty bushels of unleached ashes and twelve bushels of lime slacked with water, holding three bushels of salt in solution, to the acre.

Transplanting should be done with great care, and the rootlets of the plant injured as little as possible. The best time to transplant is in the spring, though, with care, it may be done any time during the summer. The lecturer said he would, in starting a new bed, place the plants three feet apart. Water may be added with great advantage, in large quantities, except during the flowering and ripening periods, provided always, it does not stand and become stagnant on the soil. The hoe should never be used about the plants, as it injures the roots. The productiveness of the strawberry about New York does not average more than forty bushels to the acre. There is no difficulty in raising one hundred and fifty bushels under the cultivation recommended. In the winter the plants should be highly covered.

### GARDEN CROPS IN SUCCESSION.

Those having small gardens, or even but a limited plot of ground may so arrange the crops cultivated as to obtain ample returns from a little space, provided the land is manured in proportion to the returns expected from it, and diligent attention given to each kind in its turn. Thus, after the early potatoes are planted, and when they have received their last hoeing, perhaps by the middle of June, cabbage plants may be set out between the rows; and when the potatoes are dug, say by the last of July, turnips may be sown over the ground for a late crop.

Tomatoes, peas and spinach should also be put in to keep up a fresh supply.

Radishes need not have a separate place by themselves in a garden, for the seeds may be scattered over the asparagus bed, in melon hills, and among the beets and parsnips. They are quick out of the way and injure the other crops but a trifle.

Lettuce can be sown between rows of large vegetables, or on ground which will afterwards be occupied by running vines. Upon ground where early peas have been taken off, cabbage or turnips may be grown, and perhaps squashes, if room will allow.

After the first crop of early sweet corn makes its appearance, a second sowing should be made, by means of which the season can be prolonged to a considerable extent.—Country Gentleman.

### PROFIT IN KEEPING HENS.

The proceeds of nineteen hens (one cock) for one year, ending February 17, 1860, by a careful account, (and sold too, at a price below par,) I find to be \$33.10. The cost of food all told, \$12. Leaving a clear profit, to say nothing of the care and labor on them, (which is a pleasure) of \$21.10. My mode of practice is to provide them an assortment of grain, of which corn and buckwheat are the principal; also occasionally. Sometimes whole wheat, and sometimes grind, boil and feed hot. Mix in red peppers, chopped fine, in cold weather. See that they have water once a day with the cold taken off—when there is none they can get. Clam or oyster shells, pounded fine—also gravel, every day or two—when the ground is frozen or covered with snow or ice. Give them most often; and keep it fresh. The poorer sort will answer as well. They should have a warm roost, and be kept clean. Do this, and you will have plenty of eggs to eat and to sell. D. Wellman, Jr., Woodbury, Ct., March 10, 1860.—New Haven Register.

### HAY.

Grass, for hay, should be cut before the seeds ripen. Some farmers think it best to let the seed ripen, as the seed is more nutritious. The value of hay is in the saccharine matter contained in the stalk. This saccharine matter is drawn from the stalk to mature the seed; and the grass stalk, on which the seed has ripened, loses its saccharine matter, and is as worthless as wheat straw. If the seed is allowed to mature on the corn-stalk, the stalk will not make sugar. So with the sugar cane—that intended for the manufacture of sugar, should not be allowed to mature its seed. So grass should be cut while the saccharine matter is in the stalk, and before it has been used to mature seed.

### SALTING CREAM FOR BUTTER MAKING.

A writer in the Homestead reports a statement made at the New Haven lectures, that by adding a tablespoonful of fine salt to a quart of cream, as the latter is skimmed from off the milk and placed in the cream-pot until enough accumulates for churning, the time required for churning is reduced to two or three minutes. In a trial made by the writer, he found this to be true, and his theory is, that the salt acts upon the thin coating of the globules of butter, and so dissolves it that a slight agitation breaks it, and the butter comes at once. The experiment can easily be tried by any butter-maker.

### HEAVES IN HORSES.

The Farmer and Gardener gives the following as a cure for heaves in horses: Take smart-weed; steep it in boiling water till the strength is all out; give one quart every day mixed with bran or shorts, for eight or ten days. Give green or cut-up feed, wet up with water, during the operation, and it will cure.

### MEAD.

This favorite beverage, that for centuries was the chief libation of northern nations, is made by dissolving one part of honey in three of boiling water, flavoring it with spices, and adding a portion of ground malt, and a piece of yeast steeped in yeast, and allowing the whole to ferment.



AUGUSTA:  
THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 31, 1860.

## NOTICE.

I intend to leave Bangor May 28, on a canvassing and collecting tour for the *Maine Farmer* to the upper Penobscot and Aroostook; going by the way of Patten and No. 11, and returning by way of Houlton and Weston. Persons indebted for the *Farmer*, either on note or account, are respectfully requested to be prepared to pay. If gentlemen, expecting to be absent from home, will leave money with their families to settle, it will oblige.

D. STRICKNEY.

## THE PLEURO-PNEUMONIA.

We desire to keep our readers posted up in regard to the progress of this terrible bovine disease, and for this purpose have collected the following items from various sources:

The Governor of Massachusetts has called a special session of the Legislature for the purpose of adopting further measures for the extirpation of the cattle disease in that State. The session commences on Wednesday of this week.

The disease is reported to have made its appearance in New Hampshire. Two heifers, belonging to Mr. Blanchard of Hillsboro', have been killed, and found to be affected similarly to those at North Brookfield. The disease was communicated by cattle from Lexington, Mass., 300 head of which have been driven from Massachusetts within the last three weeks and scattered through the towns of Hillsboro', Washington and Lempster.

Dr. C. L. Sanborn of Hampton Falls, N. H., reports the death of a cow, in that town, which, upon a post mortem examination exhibited appearances similar to those who are known to have died of the disease. It is not known, however, that she had any intercourse with cattle from Massachusetts.

A special meeting of the Committee on Agriculture of Congress, was held on Wednesday last, to consider a resolution which had been offered in the House by Mr. Dolan of Massachusetts, instructing them to inquire into the expediency of legislation on the cattle disease, which is becoming a matter of national concern. There was a full meeting, and several agriculturists and medical gentlemen were also present. The Secretary of the United States Agricultural Society presented a report on the history and progress of the cattle disease, prepared by request of the Committee. He also read a letter from Hon. M. P. Wilder of Massachusetts, in which he says, "It will require efficient and persevering action to extirpate the disease of the cattle, but I think it may be done." The Committee adjourned to meet on Saturday morning, after passing a resolution in which the procuring of additional facts is requested.

The disease has made its appearance in Connecticut. Dr. Dadd of Boston, visited Stafford Springs, examined one or two animals, and pronounced them infected with pleuro-pneumonia of the worst type.

A gentleman has recently arrived at Boston from the Cape of Good Hope, where the disease has fatally ravaged some thirteen hundred miles of territory, and reports that the only method of arresting its course is by inoculation. A piece of the diseased lung is inserted into the tail of the well animal. The tail swells up, and the disease goes up the tail to the body, and the hinder parts swell and become most disgusting. The sore need opening, and the animal careful nursing. They generally lose their tails, and have a terrible time of it. The number that recover is about sixteen out of twenty if the animals are young or vigorous, healthy, and in low flesh. The inoculation is certain death to fat cattle, and cows in full milk or calf.

## COPPER ORE IN CANADA AND PERHAPS IN MAINE.

A short time ago we gave our views in regard to the possibility, if not probability, of copper ore being found at future day in Maine. These views and remarks were based upon very slight and hasty observations made, more than twenty years since, in passing up the head waters of the east branch of the Penobscot river. The formation there, as far as could be seen in the midst of a dense forest, had indications that led us to this impression then, and discoveries in Canada, a good way further north to be sure, corroborate our belief that we either have such ore in our own territory or are on the southern borders of the Canada copper region. Merely being on the borders of a rich metalliciferous region would not be particularly interesting to us, except in a geological sense. We are very sorry that our Legislature did not respond last winter to Gov. Morrill's recommendation, and re-commission the Geological Survey of the State. It would have been a movement in the right direction. Let us know what Nature has given us, and then we can know our real strength as it regards our natural resources, and make some calculation as to what we can do and what we may become. Until that shall be done, we shall be groping in the dark as to our mineral and geological property, and remain in a perplexing uncertainty whether we have available riches of the kind or not.

Sir William Logan, the earnest and indefatigable Geologist of the Canada Geological Survey, has made a careful examination of the recently discovered copper mine in Lower Canada, and given a minute account of the geological character of the country and the rock formations in the neighborhood. It appears from his account, that after only nine weeks' work, not far from three hundred tons of good copper ore have been housed, supposed to contain thirty per cent. of metal. The value of this quantity would be about \$180,000, while the mining expenses have been comparatively very small indeed. The ore obtained in different localities, vary in richness from five to thirty-five per cent. He has made out a list of not less than sixty-seven different localities in Canada East showing traces of copper ore.

Could a careful survey of our Canadian frontier be now made in connection with the exploration and survey now going on under Sir William Logan, it would serve the interests of science, and in process of time, we have no doubt, the pecuniary interest of the State. The acquirement of true knowledge in regard to ourselves, and the consequent accumulation of material wealth by a practical application and use of that knowledge, is the true method of making a great State of a small one and a strong State of a weak one.

EUROPEAN AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITIONS. The great French National Agricultural Exhibition will be held this year in Paris, June 17th to 23d. The Royal Agricultural Society of England, at Canterbury, July 9th to 12th. The Royal Agricultural Improvement Society of Ireland, at Cork, July 25th to 27th. The Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland, at Dumfries, August 1st to 3d.

## BOSTON—ITS HARBOR AND ENVIRONS.

Every lover of nature delights in gaining some spot where the beauties of a varied and extensive landscape lie spread out before the vision. Many wander in far off countries in search of such spots, and, regardless of time and expense, visit all the places abroad, famed for the beauty or sublimity of their scenery, while those who live about home, and present views nearly if not quite as attractive, are entirely neglected. Many who are unable to go abroad, for these purposes, do not always avail themselves of the privileges at hand, and do not enjoy as much of nature in her finer forms as they might, at very slight cost.

We confess to our own delinquencies in this matter, and are led into this train of thought by having the fact of our own negligence fully impressed upon us by a recent visit to the Reservoir of the South Boston Water Works. Often as we have been in Boston, and South Boston also, we had never before climbed the heights where this great basin is situated, though within a stone's throw of Broadway. When we did so, however, there opened to our view one of the most beautiful and picturesque landscapes which we ever beheld. We had before witnessed many of the fine views about Boston, but we recollect no spot in the vicinity which comprehends such extensive and varied scenery. In the immediate vicinity, South Boston stretches itself in every direction, and clearly exhibits its wonderfully growing dimensions, while the great body of the city proper, with its Capitol dome, and numerous spires, towering high above the surrounding buildings, lies at a little distance, a dense and irregular mass of brick and stone, with here and there a regularly defined row of stately dwellings, one of which fronts the broad common, which, with its magnificent trees, is in full view. Beyond the city shaft high in the clouds, and the towns of Chelsea, Malden and Cambridge, lie nestled around its base, while the wide plain in the farther distance is dotted with villages, for many miles, as far as the eye can reach. Turning northward, the mighty forest of masts at the wharves, and lying in the harbor, meets the vision, while green islands, scattered at intervals, dot the bay and enliven and beautify the scene. Extending the eye over these, farther on lies Nahant, and still farther, Gloucester and Cape Ann may be seen, and lying between, many a little village modestly claiming its share in making up the completeness of the landscape. Southward and westward the blue hills of Milton tower their peaks against the sky, and Milton, Quincy, Dorchester, Brookline, Roxbury, and other towns with their numerous silver streams shining in the sun, are spread out before the delighted observer. Eastward, casting the eye downward, is seen, at the foot of the hill, the beautiful residence of Dr. S. G. Howe, of the Blind Institution, (in full sight,) with its ample grounds finely laid out and containing a choice variety of fruit trees, shrubs and flowers, and a splendid grapple, all contributing not only to utility but to ornament a naturally romantic and finely located spot, commanding a full view of the harbor and the bay as it extends for miles seaward. Elevating the gaze, the full glory of the ocean breaks upon the vision. The harbor, with its innumerable islands, its ships and steamers moving in all directions and its noble expanse of water, is all before you. Here is Fort Independence—there stands Fort Warren—here is Deer Island with its huge prison walls, and there is seen the Reform School for juvenile offenders—all presenting objects of interest, and all adding to the sublimity of the view, and gratifying the taste in that each spot seems so wisely selected for the purpose to which it is devoted. Other green spots and private and public structures are opened to the gaze, and as object after object arrests the attention, the whole prospect, for hour after hour, interests and enlarges, till it seems almost inexhaustible.

The spot itself calls up many a historical association, being a portion of the so called Dorchester Heights, although the famed Mt. Washington is, or was, a few rods distant, though now one sees but a fragment of it in a mishapen heap of gravel and earth, which workmen are daily removing to make room for the modern march of improvement. The city, the harbor, the forts, Bunker Hill, and all the surrounding country, seem with Revolutionary associations which irresistibly crowd the mind of him who stands upon this commanding spot and casts his eye over so many places fraught with the noble deeds of olden time.

To convey an adequate idea of the beauty of the scenery as viewed from this eminence, has not been attempted. Feeling that for many years we have neglected the opportunities so often presented to us to visit the spot, and having recently experienced the pleasure to be gained by resorting thither, we have desired to suggest to our readers, that whenever the opportunity shall come to them, they should "go and do likewise," and enjoy a similar delight.

We have said nothing of the Reservoir itself, since, though it is a noble structure and well worth visiting on its own account, it is likely to be comparatively disregarded in the other absorbing objects of attraction. Its dimensions or capacity we are unable to state, though the information was given to us at the time we visited it. They are very great, however, the whole of South Boston being abundantly supplied therewith. We advise our readers, who are in any degree admirers of the works of nature and art, upon their next visit to the "City of Notions," to take a horse-car for South Boston, and go and see for themselves the splendid specimens of both presented upon the highly referred to. They may go farther and not be as well repaid.

COMMISSIONERS TO MASSACHUSETTS. Governor Morrill, in consideration of the great danger there is of the "cattle disease" now desolating some of the stock farms in Massachusetts, being introduced into Maine, and with a view of adopting as far as possible all precautionary measures to ward off such a public calamity, has appointed S. L. Goodale, Secretary of the Board of Agriculture, Dr. Nourse of Bath, and Dr. Holmes of Winthrop, as Commissioners to proceed to the infected district forthwith. They are directed to make such investigations, and gather such facts from actual inspection as circumstances may admit, and make themselves acquainted with the nature of the symptoms, mode of treatment, and the best practical modes of prevention hitherto adopted, or which, from the nature of the case may recommend themselves to their notice and observation.

ANNIVERSARY WEEK. This is the week when the religious anniversaries of various societies are celebrated in Boston. The benevolent associations connected with the Universalist, Unitarian, Methodist, Baptist, and Congregational denominations, will hold their several meetings, as will also the Bible, Educational, Peace, Seamen's Friends, Anti-Slavery, Colonization, Moral Reform, and Tract Societies. These anniversaries are always attended by large numbers, and the present occasion promises to be one of more than ordinary interest. The exercises commenced on Monday, and will continue through the week.

THE CATTLE DISEASE. Our readers are particularly referred to the circular of the Secretary of Board of Agriculture on the other page. Every body must make this matter a thing of special interest. And no pains or care or expense should be spared to keep the disease out of Maine.

## CITY AFFAIRS.

IN BOARD OF ALDERMEN MAY 26, 1860. Present, the Mayor, Aldermen Potter, Fogg, Little, Patterson and Fuller. Petition of J. J. Fuller, and others for cows to run in the road on Sand Hill, was read and the petitioners had leave to withdraw. Sent down. Said petition came from the Common Council. Non-concurred, and prayer granted. Read and concurred.

Report of Committee on Schools and School Districts, and report of S. S. Committee relative to petition of A. J. Lamson to be set off from District No. 2 to No. 23; petition of David Leighton and others to be set off from No. 22, and petition of David Bailey to be set off from District No. 27 to No. 23. Read and severally accepted. Sent down.

Petition of G. W. Ricker and others, to grade that part of Water street from Market Square to Grove street, and from Grove to State street, was read and referred to Committee on New Streets, and notice ordered. Sent down.

Order designating Cemetery on the East side of the river, purchased of the heirs of the late Sarah Williams, hereafter as River Side Cemetery.

Petition of Martin Peaslee for Franklin street to be made passable, read and referred to Committee on New Streets. Sent down.

Roll of Accounts No. 2, and order, were passed. Sent down.

Report of Committee relative to re-laying out West end of Brett road, read, accepted, and road established as laid out. Sent down.

Order directing Street Commissioner to build sidewalk from store of J. A. Pettigill to Allen's Brook, read, passed, and sent down.

Order for Discount on Taxes read and passed. Sent down.

Order for Street Commissioner to grade east end of Green street, read and passed. Sent down.

Monthly reports of Street Commissioner for the East and West Districts, read and ordered on file. Sent down.

Report of Committee on New Streets relative to laying out new street over land of J. H. Ingraham, from river to Malta Hill road, was read and not accepted, and subsequently laid on the table.

Petition for sidewalk to be continued on Crosby street came from Common Council was read and non-concurred with, and on order passed from the construction of the same. Sent down.

Third Monthly Report of City Marshal read and allowed.

FORTUNATE. Col. Wm. H. Chism of this city, recently made a contract with Mr. Cheney of Belmont, Mass., for the purchase of a bull and four heifers from his herd, to be sent here at a certain time. Before the time arrived, one of the heifers was taken sick, and Mr. Cheney in a very honorable manner informed Col. Chism that though his cattle had so far been exempt from the prevailing disease, he should not feel at liberty to send forward those contracted for, until it should be ascertained that they were not the victims of that scourge which was sweeping through the State. By a subsequent letter, he has informed him that his herd has been stricken, and that all, or nearly all, have fallen victims to the fatal malady. Col. Chism thus loses his cattle, but is to be regarded as very fortunate in his disappointment. Nor is the good fortune confined to himself alone. The community in this vicinity may well be thankful that these cattle were not brought into their midst to spread contagion and destruction, and can but feel grateful to Mr. Cheney for the highly honorable course taken by him in relation to this negotiation with Col. Chism. The only safe way for Maine farmers is to buy no cattle from Massachusetts until the disease has been fully eradicated.

Mr. Cheney's herd was a very large and valuable one, and it is said, contained one bull valued at \$5000. The loss to him must be very large.

PISCATORY. Two of our gentlemen, Daniel Stone, and A. Libby, Esqrs., who are lovers of sporting, returned last week from a few days' visit to Moosehead Lake, where they had been enjoying the fun of camping out at night, and fishing by day. Before their return they sent down to Ricker, of the Stanley House, and a few friends, an edition of fine trout, fifty-seven in number, to which full justice was done by the favored recipients. Upon their return they brought with them one hundred and fourteen splendid specimens of these speckled inhabitants of the Lake of which they made a liberal distribution among their neighbors. We had the pleasure of participating in the luxury afforded by dining upon a select portion of these, and found that Moosehead still maintains its established character for the excellence of its fishy tribe. These gentlemen caught over two hundred trout in all, weighing, generally, from one to three pounds each.

There is no place to visit more beautiful in scenery, or affording better game in gunning and fishing than Moosehead Lake, and within a few years past, it has become quite a fashionable resort.

THAT CALF. Our readers will remember the bull calf mentioned by us several weeks since, belonging to Mr. E. M. Lancaster of Mt. Vernon, weighing, when 24 hours old, 120 lbs. Mr. L. informs us that at the age of 84 weeks the calf weighed 280 lbs., being a gain of 160 lbs. in that time. This growth was obtained entirely from the milk of its mother with the exception of a few potatoes which he is now learning to eat. The calf is a grade Durham, all red, girths 3 feet 9 inches, length 4 feet, height 3 feet. Can this be beaten?

TUGS SPRINGS. The Tugus House is opened for its summer custom. Great improvements have been made upon the grounds surrounding it, and amusements of various kinds have been provided. The House is finely kept, and as the healing qualities of the water are now well known and established, it is to be anticipated that this will be a favorite resort for pleasure, as well as health, and that the house will be well filled with visitors during the season.

NEW THEORY. Mr. Hall Colby contends in the N. Y. Tribune that the sun is not 40,000 miles from the earth and that the moon is less than 9,000 miles from us.

It will lay a wager on that and pay the surveyor, who will measure these distances with a tape line, to settle the question.

ORDINATION. Rev. Mr. Brown is to be ordained and installed as Pastor of the Unitarian Church, in this city, on Friday next. Rev. Samuel Lowell is to preach the sermon, and other clergymen will take part in the exercises.

Rev. Isaac S. Kallach of Tremont Temple, Boston, took leave of his people last Sabbath. The house was crowded all day. He said he had many regrets for his short coming, but no apologies. He goes to Kansas.

It is rumored that Hon. John Appleton, of this State, is to be appointed Minister to Russia, and that Mr. Trevelock of S. C. will be Assistant Secretary of State in Mr. A. A. place.

DROWNED. A young man named Williams, who was engaged in driving logs for the Moers. Coburn was drowned near Long Pond, last week. He resided at South Solon.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for June is at hand. Its contents are The Future of American Railways; In a Fog; The Grandeur of St. Louis; The Humming Bird; Chess; Spring Song; Model Lodging Houses in Boston; A Short Campaign on the Hudson; Thine; The Representative Art; Roba di Roma; Pythagoras; Clarian's Picture; Japan; The Vineyard-Saint; The Professor's Story; The Sphinx's Children, with numerous literary notices. The Professor's story is full of quantities and life. The criticism upon Bocketti's poem, Heister, is severe to a fault. The number is, however, an excellent one.

THE ECCLESIASTIC MAGAZINE for June contains a fine steel engraving of "Count Cavour, President of the Council of Ministers of the King of Sardinia." Also articles on the Reviews or Ancient Orators and Oratory, Ocean Geography of the Drift, Morocco and Northern Africa, Phenomena of a Chance World, and twelve other subjects. If Count Cavour is as good-looking, and has as fine a head and eye as is represented, his State papers may well be expected to contain superior diplomatic essays. The story of Vyvay the Dane is continued with increased interest.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for May contains: War and Progress in China; Munich and the Church of Christian Art; Capt. Speke's Adventures in Somali Land; The Mill on the Floss; Narcissus; The Snowdrop; The Puffin; Switzerland and French Annals. The republications by Leonard Scott & Co., N. Y., are invaluable to lovers of literature. Terms of Blackwood \$3 a year.

THE KNICKERBOCKER. The June number of this standard magazine has a rich and varied table of contents. Among its Editorial notices may be found an Editorial sketch, or Historical Narrative of this Magazine, devoted particularly to an account of one of its early contributors, Charles G. Leland, of Philadelphia. The Knickerbocker is published by John A. Gray, N. Y., and has become a "fixed fact" in American literature.

CASSELL'S POPULAR HISTORY, part 4, has been received. It is quite fully illustrated, and the cuts are well executed. A student of animated nature will find the work a valuable addition to his library.

CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED BIBLE, part 5. We continue to receive the numbers of this work as published. The illustrations are quite numerous, and though some of them may not be exactly to our taste, yet no one can fail to appreciate and obtain information of a useful character from most of them. The work, we understand, is having quite a wide circulation.

CHAS. A. PIERCE, at his periodical depot, has Frank Leslie's Illustrated News, containing a variety of engravings of the Japanese Embassy—Their arrival at Washington—Interview with Gen. Cass—First Dinner at Willard's—Reception by the President, &c. This last is a magnificent engraving, occupying four pages of the paper.

ECLIPSE OF THE SUN. On the 18th of July there will be an eclipse of the sun, visible in this country, and of more than ordinary interest to astronomers. This government has already provided that observations shall be taken at the proper stations, and accurate scientific calculations made therefrom. A party has already left New York for Washington Territory, and others are to follow for Labrador and Hudson's Bay Territory.

The partial shadow of the moon will first come in contact with the earth at the rising of the sun in the northern part of Texas. It will then take a northeasterly and then a southeasterly course over the earth.

The party for Washington Territory consists of an astronomer and two assistants, together with a sufficient number of voyageurs to cut a path through the forest and properly take care of the pack animals. They expect to be some twenty days absent from Stillman, where the party will land. They go out under care of Lieut. J. M. Gillies of the U. S. Navy.

The moon's shadow will cross from the west to the east coast, in about thirty minutes, and as the difference of local time is about three hours, the observers who will go to Labrador next month will witness the phenomenon under the most favorable circumstances.

The eclipse will begin to be visible here, at 7.31 in the morning, and end at 9.41.

We have received a diagram published by Chase, Nichols & Hill of Boston, giving a representation of the eclipse, with full explanations. A copy will be sent to any address, by enclosing one dime and a three-cent stamp to "Am. Smith, Post Office, Station E, 8th Avenue, New York."

CONTESTED WILL. The will of the late Col. Wade of Woburn, Mass., has been contested by his remote relations. He left neither wife, child, brother nor sister, and after bequeathing small legacies to each of these relatives, gave the income of some \$30,000 to a Miss Brooks, to whom he was engaged to be married, and \$25,000 a year to the Female Medical College of Boston, with \$10,000 some years hence, and \$20,000 to Tufts College, with some \$25,000 more upon the death of Miss Brooks.

The trial before the lower court resulted in sustaining the will, but the case will probably go up to the Supreme Court. The evidence developed some peculiarities on the part of the testator in regard to his religious notions, but the will seemed to be in accordance with views expressed by him long antecedent to its execution.

NORTH YOUR TOE NAILS. Some people are troubled severely by the side of one or more of their toe nails curling inward and growing into the flesh where it does not belong. It thus becomes to all intents and purposes a real "thorn in the flesh," and though a little thing, is a great trouble. Cutting out this strip of nail is a sure cure but not a very pleasant one. Some have been cured by cutting a notch in the nail. It is thought the course of the horny deposit is turned in the direction required to supply the deficiencies in the notch. It can be easily tried by those who are suffering with this little torment.

THEFT. Two Irish boys named Brophy and Higgins were arrested at Lewiston, last week, for breaking into the store of Messrs. Gorham & Wakefield, and stealing several pairs of boots. One of them left his shoe behind which led to the detection.

GREAT FIRE IN MONROVIA. On Sunday, almost the entire village of Monrovia was destroyed by fire. The loss is very great. The church, two hotels, several dwelling houses and stores were consumed.

FIRE. The house on the top of Mt. Pleasant, in Denmark, with its contents was destroyed by fire on the 25th inst. The fire is supposed to have been caused by an incendiary.

Mr. David Moore of Ed River was killed on the 28th ult., by the bursting of a musket, discharged in honor of the arrival of the new steamer Tobique at that place.

ROBBERY. At Bridgton, on the night of the 23d inst., the jewelry shop of Messrs. F. B. & J. H. Caswell was entered, and jewelry of the value of nearly \$300 was stolen.

The Democratic State Convention is to be held at Portland on Thursday, June 25th.

## TERRIBLE TORNADO. Cincinnati and its vicinity

on the 21st were visited by one of the most destructive tornadoes ever known in that region. The steeple of St. Joseph's Church was blown down, and nearly all the public buildings were or less injured, as were also many private dwellings and stores. It is described as coming from the north-west in a densely black cloud two miles broad, rushing forward with fearful rapidity, accompanied with thunder and lightning and torrents of rain, demolishing and unroofing houses, and causing damage amounting to at least \$500,000, and killing and seriously injuring many people. Six persons were killed outright. The Cincinnati & Dayton R. R. was covered with a forest of fallen timber. The Little Miami R. R. suffered severely, its depot and other buildings at Loveland being demolished. Trees were torn up by the roots, vessels were capsized, houses were unroofed, and a train of cars on the Covington & Lexington road was thrown from the track, and the locomotive and baggage car badly smashed up. The tornado extended as far east as Chillicothe.

At Madison, Ind., several buildings were unroofed, coal boats were sunk, and steamers wrecked. Wharf boats at Patriot, Ghent, and Carrollton were torn from their moorings, carried up stream and wrecked. At New Richmond, Ohio, several buildings were unroofed. Six pair of coal boats were in sight as the storm came on, but nothing has been seen of them since. All on board probably perished.

CALIFORNIA LAND CLAIMS. The report of the Attorney General of the United States, shows that a large number of fraudulent claims to land in California have been fabricated, and asserted through manifest and unblushing perjury. Twenty-five appeals were decided in favor of the Government by the Supreme Court at its recent term, and the amount involved was not less than \$100,000,000. One claim was for 3,600 square miles of land, another for 450 square miles, and another for a portion of the city of San Francisco, valued at \$100,000,000.

A handsome mulatto slave girl appeared in the Representatives' Hall, a few days since, in charge of Dr. Davidson, with a statement that she had been sold to a negro-trader, but by raising \$500 cash and securing payment of \$700 more by the 1st of August, she could purchase her freedom. The amount was raised upon the spot by members of Congress.

ARMY PAY. The Army bill gives General Scott regular pay \$3,240, but he gets for ratios \$5,760, for servants \$1,080, for forage \$900, fuel \$415.94 for quarters \$648, for transportation \$789.75 making a total of \$15,539.69. General Wool gets \$5,806.16; General Harney \$5,498.09; Col. Cooper (Adj't Gen'l) \$5,289.25, and other officers in proportion.

RIOT. The Republican Screening party at Washington on the night of the 19th was interfered with, and assailed by a riotous gang of rowdies, and the city authorities have moved in the matter to secure their arrest, and the subject has received the attention of Congress which has passed resolutions relating thereto.

GREAT GUN. The "great gun," cast at Pittsburg, to be mounted at Fort Monroe is fourteen feet long, with a bore of fifteen inches in diameter, has a capacity of sixteen bushels, and weighs 49,099 pounds. When politicians say, "Bring out the big gun!" we shall now know what they mean.

PATENTS. The following patents were issued to Maine men May 23d:

George A. Mitchell of Turner, for improved jointed tip for boots and shoes, and Daniel Montague of New Bedford, Mass., and James Townsend of Gardiner, Me., for glass door plate.

Joseph F. Hall of Bangor, for improved curtain fixture.

GILBERT L. BAILY of Portland, for ballot-box.

POSTMASTER FOWLER. It is now stated that the late Postmaster of New York left that port in the steamship Moses Taylor bound to Havana, from whence he will go to Mexico or South America. His friends raised a purse of several thousand dollars for him.

It is said that the Grand Trunk Railway Company have been buying up the Harlem Railroad stock, with a view of a direct connection with New York over that road. Forty-two miles of road, now partly graded, will have to be built to effect this.

The President has tendered the commission ship under the Paraguay treaty to John Van Buren.

PAINTED CASUALTY. A correspondent at Golden Ridge informs us of a frightful accident which occurred in that township on Tuesday, May 8th. Mary E., daughter of Elbridge Gerry, had her hands and arms burnt in a shocking manner. She was out in the "chopping," helping her brother set fire, and having on a light calico dress, it took fire, and she was soon enveloped in flames. Finding she could not extinguish the fire, with great presence of mind she entirely dressed her self of every article of clothing she had on, thus saving her life, though her hands were burnt almost to the bone. She endured the pain with great fortitude, not a murmur or a groan escaped her lips. Her condition in time of danger, and her powers of endurance are truly remarkable for one of her years, being only 14.—Aroostook Pioneer.

While two well diggers were engaged in excavating for a well in Dayton last week, they had reached a depth of sixty-four feet, all of which had been cutbed, with the exception of the last eight feet, where the well passed through a stratum of quicksand. The men, after endeavoring to stop the caving in, finally gave the signal to be drawn up, but before it could be done, the weight of the well caved in and hid them from sight. Efforts were made to recover the bodies, but at the last accounts without success. One of the men saved a wife and three children, and another a wife and six children.—Farmington Chronicle.

FIRE IN MAINE. The buildings of John Eddy, in 12, range 3, were consumed by fire on Saturday, May 12.

The house of Robert Porter of Salmon Brook was destroyed by fire on Tuesday, May 15.

A dwelling house and barn owned and occupied by Hiram E. Grant, at Hampden Corner, were entirely consumed by fire on Tuesday night about 10 o'clock. Contents saved. Loss about \$600. Origin of the fire unknown.

MISSING. Henry Butler, a boy about six years old, son of Joshua C. Butler, has been missing from East Great Works, Bangor, since Tuesday afternoon. He was last seen playing near an edging alley, and is undoubtedly drowned, as search has been made in all directions by his distressed friends and neighbors, and nothing can be found of him.

SUDDEN DEATH. On Saturday evening, 19th inst., Mrs. Dinah Rogers Houghton, of Brunswick, retired to bed in her usual health, not articulating on Sunday morning, as early as was her custom, her daughter Miss H. N. Houghton entered her room, and upon passing to the bed found her mother lifeless and quite cold. It is thought she must have died in her sleep, very soon after retiring. Her age was 78 years.

Mr. Elijah Ebbot, of this town, informs us that from a recent shearing of his sheep, he obtained from a last June lamb, a fleece weighing 8 pounds, and from five other sheep 27 lbs. of wool.—Houlton Times.

The Androscoggin Company has voted to extend the line of their railroad to Lewiston and Brunswick, and Mr. Crosby, the engineer, is now surveying the route for the extension.

## RECEPTION OF THE JAPANESE IN NEW YORK.

Great preparations are making in New York for the reception of the Japanese Embassy. Over one hundred men are employed night and day, says the *Express*, in arranging and decorating their apartments at the Metropolitan Hotel, the whole second floor of the vast establishment being devoted to their accommodation. Private apartments for the chief ambassadors, private dining rooms, bath, dressing rooms, and other luxurious conveniences will be provided. A private entrance will be furnished expressly for the Japanese, and they will also have the sole use of the balcony on Broadway. The space thus allotted to them for a street of one hundred feet long, three hundred feet of which is on Broadway. They will occupy the front and rear of the second floor, and the latter will open on the beautiful gardens behind, which will be brilliantly illuminated every evening during their stay. A fountain will also be given in honor of the embassy, which will probably be attended by eight or ten thousand persons. This hall will be on a scale of magnificence hitherto unheard of in the United States. On this occasion Noble's Garden and Conservatory, attached to the hotel, will with the hotel itself be thrown open. The stage and parquet will be floored over, and dancing will be kept up in those places and in the dining room of the hotel. The garden and surrounding places will be brilliantly illuminated and decorated in magnificent style on the evening of the ball, and McDowd's three bands, numbering over one hundred and sixty performers, will furnish the music for the occasion. A guard of honor, consisting of a captain and twenty men of the 7th Regiment with their flag, will be detailed to remain at the hotel during the stay of the embassy, and every person taken to the hotel, and the distinguished strangers against annoyance and prying curiosity on all hands.

TESTIMONIAL TO A MAINE SHIP MASTER. Some two or three years since, Capt. T. G. Mitchell of Ship Geo. F. Patten of this port, for kind services rendered the Captain and crew of a Neapolitan vessel, received a Gold Medal as a testimonial of the high appreciation of his humanity and services from the king of Naples.

Recently Capt. Mitchell has been made the recipient of a second testimonial in the shape of a fine Telescope, from Her Majesty's Government of England, transmitted through Lord Lyons and our own Secretary of State, for his services to the officers and crew of an English wrecked vessel. The following is Lord Lyons's letter:

WASHINGTON, May 7th, 1860. Sir.—Her Majesty's Government desire to present the accompanying Telescope to Capt. T. G. Mitchell of the American ship G. F. Patten, as a mark of their gratitude for his services in rescuing the crew of the Neapolitan ship, the *San Antonio*, and the master and crew of the British bark *Mary Bannatyne*, of Shields, who had been compelled to abandon their ship in a sinking condition, off the coast of Portugal. Capt. Mitchell received these unfortunate men in a most kind and hospitable manner, and declined to accept any compensation for their subsistence.

I have the honor to request you to be so good as to cause the Telescope to be forwarded to its destination.

I have the honor to be, with the highest consideration, Sir, Your most obedient humble servant, (Signed) LTONS.

The Hon. Lewis Cass, Sec'y of State, &c. —Bath Times.

MAINE MEDICAL SCHOOL. The lectures closed on Wednesday, 23d, and a class fifteen in number, larger than usual, received the degree of M. D. The following list gives the name, residence and the subject of the Thesis of the Graduating Class:

Charles B. Adams, Jay, Hemiplegia; Charles Thomas Bean, Bangor, Anatomy, Physiology and Pathology of the Human Kidney; Richard Leonard Cook, Portland, Insanity; James R. Dean, Montville, Tonsillitis; William N. Ealbeck, Liberia, Africa, Lethargus; Thomas H. Emery, Bangor, Enteric Fevers; Nicholas D. Fawcett, Oxford, Uterus; Charles W. Gordon, Sweden, Scarlatina; Aaron W. Gould, Freedom, Dysentery; Warren Hunter, Strong, Typhoid Fever; Daniel Joseph Libby, Dexter







## The Muse.

For the Maine Farmer.  
John Daley, the Stranahan Over, against  
and how they Rhymed Him.

I have heard, John Daley, you like to know  
Why rhymed you so free in the paper  
Without your consent, and I would really like to know  
How the rag, if it caught him, you'd give him black eyes  
To pay for that impudent career.

You'd give him black eyes? Fine, what a man,  
When a joker you are your own self?  
Now away with such talk, and your passion control,  
Come give you your own 'an' I'll tell you the whole,  
So you'll know that mischief breed.

You see, on one night, in a drama that I had,  
I was walking just down by the Stranahan,  
When I heard loud voices I heard in the sky,  
An' sudden, then rhymers like goblins went by,  
Shouting, "John Daley, you're a fool!"

And they rode all along by the banks of the Stranahan,  
An' belaguered John's premises round;  
From the *Dead Horse* the Stranahan gave forth in dismay  
Such a screech as the very best of the Stranahan to pay,  
Nor a bit of hot pitch to be found.

And the rhymers gave orders, "John Daley, come forth,"  
Not scared, but reluctant was John;  
So they waited right in, took him out of his bed,  
Dressed him up in his clothes, put a hat on his head,  
Brought a horse, and they bade him get on.

Then the man who "not known to St. Peter himself,"  
He mounted that nag in a minute,  
Saying, "Fare thee well, and go to the Stranahan,  
The base is as one made to ride;  
An' I'll go, the mischief be in it."

Then the rhymers all laughed: "Ha, ha, he's good  
pluck,  
He's worthy as Caesar of fame;  
So we'll take him along without equable or strife,  
An' we'll print all the things he says in our life.  
Since they called him John Daley by name.

"We'll tell of his pranks, an' his wit, an' his fun,  
Of his pipe of contentment an' pain;  
Of his Waterloo right in, took him out of his bed,  
An' his fingers had a Phyllis might dread  
If he caught the dry knock in his face.

"An' we'll tell how he saw the dry bones of the two—  
St. Patrick the saint, and the boy,  
In the blessed old country, ere he sailed all the way  
From Belfast James Daley to the St. Lawrence bay,  
In the immigrant car 'Ship-a-boy'."

"For the world ought to know these wonderful things,  
An' the world would laugh heartily, no doubt,  
If it knewed but the half what he said an' he's done—  
There's a prank he once played both for freedom and fun  
Which the doctors might tell for the good."

"Over that in the Orthodox jail,  
Quite elastic, indeed, but not out of his wit—  
'Twas in times when Maine law gave the rumblers the  
Upon proof of unauthorized sale."

"Next day, to that jail the strict selectman,  
All in the temperance spirit—  
If I thought 'ye'd be a fact, or the facts could appear,  
I'd let ye go home to yer wife."

"John promised full well, an' strong facts did disclose,  
Showing plain facts on a packard made sale;  
Said he had got 'em, an' gave 'em for it too,  
An' he'd swear it in Court if they'd put him through,  
An' they'd let him go forth from the jail."

"So John was released, an' next day in the Court  
They made him 'up head' an' the boy,  
Had ye got 'em of this packard arraigned on complaint?  
'Yes, I had.' 'Did ye get 'em for it too?' 'Niver a dink,  
I did not, no, he said, he said."

"Then the lawyer, so smart: 'Do ye mean to say that?  
What did ye not let the selectman  
What of this packard an' give him the on?'  
'Ah, yer Honor, I did—'I was to get the on'  
'The on was my pocket tin can.'"

"An' the rhymers kept telling these things to themselves:  
'Yes, an' that was the journey he made,  
To Kintinoo with one hundred, both here in despair,  
Being too Abolition to suit him out there,  
An' suspected perhaps of a raid.'"

"An' the rest of the things, the backbone of John's fame,  
All in detail, and all in rhyme,  
Henceforth with the big-bugs an' the kings;  
His name in the corners of papers where kings  
The Muse like a monarch."

Here the rhymers passed off with the long along,  
An' were soon with the darkness begimed;  
I saw no more. But the paper next day  
I had a scrap in the corner—was that the way  
John Daley, the dabbler, was rhymed.

## The Story Teller.

## THE WAY MY WIFE CAME TO ME.

## A CAPITAL STORY.

It was the day on which the United States  
steamer was due. I awaited the event with im-  
portance, for I expected it to bring letters that  
would either command my return to America, or  
give me a furlough, by which I might escape the  
dread exhalations which were generating in the  
densely packed city of London.

Five months previous to that time I had con-  
sented to take charge of a delicate financial affair  
that threatened to interrupt, if not entirely de-  
stroy, the business relations between an eminent  
company in America and some foreign houses.

Embarrassing and perplexing as the tangled  
transaction had been, it had afforded me a cer-  
tain pleasure, for without self-interest, I may  
only say that I had maintained my position  
through the whole affair with credit. I had done  
nothing without getting more than its  
equivalent; I had managed with such satisfaction  
of my employers, that towards the finishing of  
the business they had left me with few restrictions.  
But as I began to see a favorable and brilliant  
terminus to my diplomacy, I also made the dis-  
covery that my health was suffering. Travel and  
incessant activity of mind, along with the nervous  
strain to which my system had been subjected,  
began to tell their effects in headache and sleep-  
less nights, and it was with a longing for rest  
that I had taken the train for Liverpool, that I  
might get my instructions at the earliest moment  
of my arrival.

It was, therefore, with no small degree of plea-  
sure, looking from a loop hole of a bed-room win-  
dow, that I noticed among the craft floating over  
the Anglian waters, the American steamer com-  
ing in, and no sooner did the report of her signal  
gun announce that she had touched the wharf,  
than I drove down for my letters. They were  
there, but they brought no summons homeward.

"The cotton crop," so wrote my senior, "was a  
total failure, and the event would doubtless affect  
greatly the state of the market abroad, and it  
would be necessary for me to remain another  
month, or until such time as I could be certain  
that the fluctuations could have no bearing upon  
our recent arrangements. I had better," he  
added, "confine myself to England, visit the  
Lakes or a watering-place; but not remain there  
in case of contingencies." After reading the  
above with a half-checked sigh, I buttoned on my  
linen coat, and ordered my baggage to be taken  
to a depot.

The next morning I sat down in his Majesty's  
Hotel, at Brighton, to a breakfast of champagne  
and whiting, and after sauntering awhile on the  
Downs, and taking a bracing sea-bath, I returned  
to my "apartment," as the obsequious waiter  
called the twelve by fifteen feet bed-room, and  
threw myself upon the lounge. I have never  
sleep so soundly as when I awoke my two broad  
bed-room windows, which faced the sea, were thrown  
wide open, and through them the wind was rush-  
ing, and blowing about the curtains, and bring-  
ing on the breeze the softest of the ocean. I lay  
still as an after waking suddenly inhaling the  
beauty-fraught air, and listening to the soft  
of the waves as they dashed against the beach,  
when a gruff and heavy voice, which sounded as  
if proceeding from behind the lounge, surprised  
me. I rose, and looking about discovered a large  
open ventrator just over the head of the couch;  
that was the medium that conveyed sounds to me:  
satisfied, I sank back to my reverie, when the  
voice sounded again, clearer and louder, so that  
I could not help but hear the words:

"So, Boss," it said, "you mean to thwart me;  
you think because you have always had your own  
way with me, that you will carry the day now;  
but you handle the ribbons too freely to win the  
stakes. For instance why did you refuse to dance

## THE MAINE FARMER: AN

with Von Holt last night, and why did you leave  
the assembly room without any escort?"

"I left the room, sir, because Lady Grey was  
ready to go, and I refused to dance for the reason  
that Herr Von Holt had neglected to engage my  
hand for a set, and—"

"And," interrupted the gentleman, "you took  
exception at that, when you know that Von Holt  
did not enter the room until the waiting had  
commenced. Do you want a man tied to your  
apron-string, Boss?"

"No, father," answered the sweet tones, "I  
don't wish a man to be tied to me in any way."  
"I should judge not by the clever manner that  
you exhibit my friends. Why do you reject  
every attention from Von Holt, when it is my  
desire that you should accept them?"

"It is because I dislike him," I said.  
"And whom do you like? Do you want a royal  
duke? Allow me to inform you, Elizabeth Con-  
nyngnam, that a man of larger fortune, or better  
family connections will never make advance to you."

"O, father," pleaded the voice, "let me stay  
at home with you. Why wish me to accept this  
gentleman, this foreigner, who is so unlike me,  
and who will surely make me unhappy? What is  
there in marriage that one should rush into it  
without even friendship? It does not confer hap-  
piness; we see that every day. How many mar-  
ried people do you know, even here at Brighton, I  
see them, that are ill-matched and ready to be free  
of their yoke? Do you wish to condemn me to a  
similar fate? O, father, am I not a dutiful  
child, that you wish to be rid of me?"

"The device take the perversity of women,"  
was muttered in reply. Somebody immediately  
slammed the door, and the conversation ceased.  
I said the voice had piqued my curiosity, and no  
sooner was it silenced than I felt an overwhelming  
desire to see the owner of it. How could I  
accomplish the object? There was the ventila-  
tor, a broad aperture through which I could have  
leaped if necessary—why not make use  
of that. I softly moved a large chair across  
the room, and placing it beneath the opening in  
the wall, I stepped into it. I now confess, look-  
ing back, upon that time, that for a person of  
my years and dignity the act was contemptible;  
but I am now ashamed to state that I never  
thought of the extreme indecency and presump-  
tion of that step, or what might be its conse-  
quences. As I raised my head to the level with  
the sill, I saw hanging opposite to me, against  
the wall of the room I was about to reconnoitre  
a large mirror, and from its clear surface reflected  
the image of a lady; I knew it was the owner of  
the voice; a slender, fairly creature reclining in a  
fauteuil, her head bent down upon her hand,  
and her whole attitude indicative of mental suffer-  
ing. I did not see the face, but a cloud of  
curls floated over her neck and arms were free  
in insignia by which I knew I should recognize it.  
So long as I durst I preserved my position; but a  
slight movement of the curls started me, and I  
sprang down.

Early that evening I took a station in the as-  
sembly room, and after long and faithfully watching  
my patience was rewarded. The florid figure of  
Lady Grey appeared, and by her side was Miss  
Connyngnam: a gentleman of dubious aspect  
accompanied them; a man with lightest hair and  
moustaches, and small eyes, the light of which  
was nearly extinguished beneath bushy eyebrows.  
I did not like the expression of those green eyes,  
it was furtive, and seemed constantly looking  
out for surprise, his manner was clearly that of  
a man of the world. I knew that it was Mr.  
Connyngnam, and my eyes soon turned from him  
to the fair creature at his side. She wore a  
plain, white dress, without other ornament than  
a bunch of lilies that fastened it at the throat;  
her countenance was pale and grave, and she  
stood in silent indifference, regarding the gay  
scene about her, so unlike the lively things that  
were fluttering their fans and arching their necks  
to show themselves off.

I drew near, and heard her refusing to dance  
with two or three young men, who had hurried  
towards her on her entrance; I, too, looked  
towards her with the hope of seeing some friend or  
acquaintance that could introduce me, and for-  
tunately encountered the glance of Mr. Lovelace,  
a young gentleman whom I had well-known in  
London. We shook hands, and after a few pre-  
liminaries, I inquired, "Who is this young lady,  
with the beautiful hair?"

"That," he replied, "is Miss Connyngnam; a  
fine looking girl, is she not? and of strong char-  
acter, too. The old gentleman by her side whose  
face looks as if he had imbibed all the claret in  
his cellar, is her father, an old reprobate; he  
wants to marry his daughter to a Dutchman, as  
he and ugly as himself just because he is the  
owner of a thousand miles of dykes, and a hemp  
manufacturer. I would marry her myself—re-  
frain I could—save her from such a fate. If I  
had the money to pay the parson!"

"Who is the tall lady?"  
"That is Lady Grey, a sister of the young  
lady's mother; I will ask permission to introduce  
you," myself conversing with them. Lady  
Grey I discovered at once to be a true Eng-  
lishwoman; she conversed well, on many Eng-  
lish topics, sprinkling all her talk, however, with  
certain phrases that served to convince me  
that a stratum of haughty underlaid the affability.  
Miss Connyngnam was herself. I have never seen  
another like her. Clear and honest was the ray  
that shot from her deep eyes. She made no effort  
at display or effect, but talked on in answer  
to my questions, and proposed her own with a  
combination of suavity and dignity that she would  
have worn if I had been her brother. I asked her  
to dance.

"No," she answered, "did she not dance that  
evening." She gave no excuse, but her eyes looked  
cloudy a moment after, when a phlegmatic gen-  
tleman with a sinister lip, came up with a simi-  
lar request. She declined it, mentioning the  
gentleman's name to me by way of introduction  
as she did so. It was Herr Von Holt. He looked  
suspiciously at me; I thought he thought me a rival.  
I stayed by her, however, saving her as far as  
possible from his odious talk and amorous glances,  
by interposing myself between them; an officious-  
ness for which she seemed to thank me.

He at length walked around to the place where  
Miss Connyngnam was standing. Lady Grey was  
talking with Dr. Scandinavus, the great Doctor  
of Laws, and I was at last vis-a-vis with Miss  
Boss. I improved the opportunity. Soon how-  
ever, Mr. Connyngnam came and led his daughter  
and sister away. I followed them, and sought  
my own room, where I tried to remember the  
length of time I had been at Brighton—it seemed  
like two months, so much of hope and fear had  
been crowded into the limits of a day. I had  
forgotten my illness and business seemed a sub-  
ject I had been acquainted with in some former  
phase of existence.

I cannot minutely follow out the events of the  
evening walk. I will only say that I met the  
charming Miss Connyngnam everywhere. I walked  
with her by the pier chain—Lady Grey, of  
course, on the other side—sometimes danced with  
her, and once had the felicity of driving with her  
on the cliffs. I had preserved the secret of the  
ventrator, though in my own vindication I will  
state that I had never listened at it since I had  
known my neighbors. I kept my room in perfect

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next an expedient occurred to me; but would  
Boss take advantage of it, that was the ques-  
tion!

"Wait a moment," I said, "until I write a  
note to your aunt, Lady Grey." It was written  
and sent; and in five minutes Lady Grey and her  
maid stood at my door. I briefly informed her  
of the facts, and suggested her only chance of  
flight. Boss must come through the ventrator.  
The clergyman would be there in fifteen minutes,  
and we could be married in my parlor, instead of  
Boss.

"Can she never do it," exclaimed her lady-  
ship.  
"She must," I firmly replied.

"Well, we will abide by her decision," she  
answered. I jumped up, and in half a dozen  
words told Miss Connyngnam of the hope remain-  
ing to us, would she avail herself of it?

"Yes," was her quiet reply.  
The word was sooner spoken, than I began  
to cut away with my knife a piece from the panel  
of the door, in which revolved the axis of the  
ventrator. The glass was soon removed, and the  
ventrator free of incumbrance. I reached through  
whispering to the trembling girl to come at once.  
She sprang up without hesitation, and in five  
minutes was safely by my side. I then hastened  
to put back the window in its place, that the  
vacuum might not excite suspicion.

Boss had a short time to compose herself be-  
fore the clergyman entered. He began the cere-  
mony directly, and I was soon the husband of the  
loveliest girl in the world. As I was paying my  
five pounds lecture fee, I heard a door unlocked  
in the adjoining room, and a loud exclamation,  
accompanied by an oath. I did not wait for  
the denouement, but hurriedly bade Lady Grey  
and the clergyman good-bye; the latter by the  
way, I saw going around to the performance of  
the other ceremony at nine o'clock—and carried  
off Boss to the carriage. We went to London  
that night by rail. The next week I got a letter  
from home with permission to return. I availed  
myself of it, and brought my English wife to  
America, and to this day I hold in reverence the  
ventrator, for by that other way could my wife  
have come to me—London *Times Herald*.

For the Maine Farmer.  
THE DUMB, BLIND AND DEAF  
RESTORED.

BY HULDAH PAGE, M. D.  
The Diphtheria raged fearfully, in the city,  
last winter, carrying victims to the grave almost  
as sure as it attacked them. But our little fam-  
ily were as untroubled as if they were exempt  
from mortality. True, the children were scrofulous;  
their father had been so, and at their birth  
the mother was verging to consumption. Dur-  
ing the winter, they had struggled with measles  
and whooping-cough; but life conquered. They  
were convalescent.

March had come. We were again settled to  
regular study. But the children must have the  
usual walks in open air; and we, too, needed  
recreation.

"Mother, the back of my head feels bad. I  
wish we did not go to Professor Briggs's. I don't  
want to do those exercises to-day, need I, mother?  
I am so tired," pleaded Georgie. We thought  
the boy prejudiced against the Doctor's training,  
that he wished a pretext for staying away. So  
we walked on. But the child was restless. As I  
led him homeward, he asked, "Aunt, what makes  
my head feel so bad, and my legs feel so tired?  
They would let me fall! Are we almost home?"

We diverted his mind to the toys in the shop  
windows, and he walked home. After resting,  
he was relieved by a bath. Nearly the whole of the  
day he was in bed. His mother was called to  
attend to him. "If that prove true, you shall have  
fifty pieces of gold—if false, a good cudgeling."

At next day, he played in the gymnasium. At  
night, he was very nervous, and fell asleep as soon  
as put into bed. Presently, his skin burned; he  
drank as if parched with thirst. All night, he  
slept, but he was restless, he tossed about on the  
bed, and he would not be comforted by his mother.  
Still, we thought it a common fever, occasioned  
by common carelessness, and, as the vital  
action was strong to the surface, we feared no ill  
result. The rash appeared; but the throat was  
not sore. Next day, however, we saw transverse  
furrows the whole length of his tongue; and the  
mucous membrane covering it was thrown off,  
leaving the tongue raw. The throat became more  
and more inflamed. The case called for all our resources.  
As he did not ask for water, we questioned,  
would he drink?

"I would be glad to drink," he replied; but it  
seemed as if it would kill me to swallow." He  
asked us to take him on our lap, to rock him  
to sleep. Speaking became difficult; the  
ice on the throat melted as it was in fire. His  
mind wandered.

After a bath, when we put him on the bed, he  
folded his arms, sighed heavily, and began—  
"Now I lay me down to sleep—No, I cannot  
sleep; my prayer now, would you?" I could  
only answer, mentally, Poor boy! you may never  
repeat that prayer. He wasted strength trying  
to escape from the room—he must walk—he had  
so much to do—he was so tired—he thought us  
very cruel!

Rousing from a short slumber, he asked—  
"Mother, shall I be dead?" She assured him  
that we should do all possible for his recovery.  
He must get well, and go to grand-pa's, he said;  
he did not want to go to the city.

I availed myself of his anxiety to live, to im-  
press on him the necessity of receiving the treat-  
ment we thought best for him. He promised im-  
plicit submission. At the first of his sickness, he  
had, from a natural aversion to water, opposed  
our wishes to give him a pack or a full bath; he  
said he hated a pack, because it wet him! Now,  
it was too late; we could regulate the tempera-  
ture only by local applications.

Terrible days and nights followed. He was  
nearly all the time, delirious. In the lucid in-  
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eyes and ears. His head was rapidly decompos-  
ing, filling the room with a putrid odor, though  
the grate had free draft and the windows were  
kept open.

His pulse had been fearfully rapid; but the  
last two nights, at times, I could not perceive any  
pulsation at the wrist; and on placing my hand  
over his heart, I was in doubt if he beat.  
"Yes—faster! so feeble, could it last much  
longer! And that terrible gasping for breath!

Only one moment was I confounded; in the  
next an expedient occurred to me; but would  
Boss take advantage of it, that was the ques-  
tion!

"Wait a moment," I said, "until I write a  
note to your aunt, Lady Grey." It was written  
and sent; and in five minutes Lady Grey and her  
maid stood at my door. I briefly informed her  
of the facts, and suggested her only chance of  
flight. Boss must come through the ventrator.  
The clergyman would be there in fifteen minutes,  
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"Can she never do it," exclaimed her lady-  
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"She must," I firmly replied.

"Well, we will abide by her decision," she  
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"Yes," was her quiet reply.  
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Boss had a short time to compose herself be-  
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from home with permission to return. I availed  
myself of it, and brought my English wife to  
America, and to this day I hold in reverence the  
ventrator, for by that other way could my wife  
have come to me—London *Times Herald*.

For the Maine Farmer.  
THE DUMB, BLIND AND DEAF  
RESTORED.

BY HULDAH PAGE, M. D.  
The Diphtheria raged fearfully, in the city,  
last winter, carrying victims to the grave almost  
as sure as it attacked them. But our little fam-  
ily were as untroubled as if they were exempt  
from mortality. True, the children were scrofulous;  
their father had been so, and at their birth  
the mother was verging to consumption. Dur-  
ing the winter, they had struggled with measles  
and whooping-cough; but life conquered. They  
were convalescent.

March had come. We were again settled to  
regular study. But the children must have the  
usual walks in open air; and we, too, needed  
recreation.

"Mother, the back of my head feels bad. I  
wish we did not go to Professor Briggs's. I don't  
want to do those exercises to-day, need I, mother?  
I am so tired," pleaded Georgie. We thought  
the boy prejudiced against the Doctor's training,  
that he wished a pretext for staying away. So  
we walked on. But the child was restless. As I  
led him homeward, he asked, "Aunt, what makes  
my head feel so bad, and my legs feel so tired?  
They would let me fall! Are we almost home?"

We diverted his mind to the toys in the shop  
windows, and he walked home. After resting,  
he was relieved by a bath. Nearly the whole of the  
day he was in bed. His mother was called to  
attend to him. "If that prove true, you shall have  
fifty pieces of gold—if false, a good cudgeling."

At next day, he played in the gymnasium. At  
night, he was very nervous, and fell asleep as soon  
as put into bed. Presently, his skin burned; he  
drank as if parched with thirst. All night, he  
slept, but he was restless, he tossed about on the  
bed, and he would not be comforted by his mother.  
Still, we thought it a common fever, occasioned  
by common carelessness, and, as the vital  
action was strong to the surface, we feared no ill  
result. The rash appeared; but the throat was  
not sore. Next day, however, we saw transverse  
furrows the whole length of his tongue; and the  
mucous membrane covering it was thrown off,  
leaving the tongue raw. The throat became more  
and more inflamed. The case called for all our resources.  
As he did not ask for water, we questioned,  
would he drink?

"I would be glad to drink," he replied; but it  
seemed as if it would kill me to swallow." He  
asked us to take him on our lap, to rock him  
to sleep. Speaking became difficult; the  
ice on the throat melted as it was in fire. His  
mind wandered.

After a bath, when we put him on the bed, he  
folded his arms, sighed heavily, and began—  
"Now I lay me down to sleep—No, I cannot  
sleep; my prayer now, would you?" I could  
only answer, mentally, Poor boy! you may never  
repeat that prayer. He wasted strength trying  
to escape from the room—he must walk—he had  
so much to do—he was so tired—he thought us  
very cruel!

Rousing from a short slumber, he asked—  
"Mother, shall I be dead?" She assured him  
that we should do all possible for his recovery.  
He must get well, and go to grand-pa's, he said;  
he did not want to go to the city.

I availed myself of his anxiety to live, to im-  
press on him the necessity of receiving the treat-  
ment we thought best for him. He promised im-  
plicit submission. At the first of his sickness, he  
had, from a natural aversion to water, opposed  
our wishes to give him a pack or a full bath; he  
said he hated a pack, because it wet him! Now,  
it was too late; we could regulate the tempera-  
ture only by local applications.

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## THE MAINE FARMER: AN

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